

SPRIT OF THE PRESS.

Editorial Opinions of the Leading Journals Upon Current Topics—Compiled Every Day for the Evening Telegraph.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

There is in America a dreadful and portentous presence called of the vulgar high life. Exactly what that phrase imports, perhaps, only Jenkins can explain. But we infer that it includes a rosy atmosphere of Jockey Club and Cocaine, wherein disport exalted beings, who ride when others walk, who wear velvet for cloth, who have ice-cream evenings, who, in dinner, are shining members of that fine aristocracy peculiar to our dear, our native land, whose foundations are laid broad and deep in the everlasting rock of money, which represents the social and aesthetic worth of money, and which is entitled to all the dignities and honors which money can bestow. Of it are those charming young women who dine in full dress at the table d'hôte of Stetson's or the Union, and waltz in the public ball-room with any man who asks the cheap privilege. Of it are the wealthy curled darlings of the nation, who keep a spanking team at Long Branch, and, inviting a girl to drive, smoke a cigar at her side, who stave a pretty woman out of countenance, and look after her on the avenue; who are horsey in talk and much given to jewelry; whose ambition it is to color a meerschaum, to resemble the British Guardsman of Ouida's novels, and to have the reputation among men of being a dangerous fellow among women, by Jove. Of it are the mothers who labor and fret to hold their girls in training for the matrimonial race, and who handicap their neighbors' girls with invented frailties to keep the running even; to whom conspicuousness is eminence, and notoriety fame. Of it are the fathers, who, having forgotten the man in the money-maker, look upon a daughter as a costly person whose expenses some other money-maker will, in the course of nature, one day assume. Of it is that brazen horde of the unmanly to whom half the pleasure of a German or a soiree danseante—there are no dancing parties in high life—is the rapture of seeing the affair described at length in the Household Daybook, or the Evening Tom Tilt, or else The Stage, or the most brilliant event of the season, or Reunion Among our Fashionables, or The Carnival of Perspichore, or Festivities of The Upper Ten, but under whatever name smelling as sweet of millinery, Bloom of Youth, patchouli, and personalities. Of it, above all, its proud prophet, its incessant bearer and its herald, its trouble and its little soul-pain, is Jenkins—Jenkins, the omnipresent, the untiring, the devoted, the reverent, the minute, the eloquent, the rapturous, the irrefragable; Jenkins who has the receipt of fern-seed to walk invisible; Jenkins who adds Eastern splendor to Oriental magnificence.

What abuse an excellent and eminent dignitary of a prosperous church may have heaped aforesaid on lock-defying and area-sneaking J. we know not. Whatever virtuous slight and snub he dealt, he has been most dreadfully remembered therefor. The amiable prelate had a daughter to whom came a warrior bold, whose arms, till now forgotten number of moons wasted, had used their dearest action in the tented field. That warrior told his tale and won that daughter. There was nothing in this to give us pause. Unkind Fate dooms the tenderest of fathers to give up the most filial of daughters when the predestinate lover comes a-wooing. And the tenderest of fathers, from Minnehaha's, up and down, has lamented in more or less audible and metrical fashion, rejoiced unselfishly in the larger happiness of the departing maiden, and bewailed the youthful pair with his blessing. Why this tempered melancholy, this shadowed joy, should be made a mock of in the interest of the commonality, save to feed fat some ancient grudge of Jenkins, we cannot guess. But mocked it is, and that most coarsely. In public print, and without opportunity for refutation, this libel attains the simple gowmsman of belonging to high life. With fat capitals he proclaims "Wedding in High Life." As if that were not injury enough, he appends two columns of impertinent and unkind bosh concerning Bishop and Mrs. Bishop. (We wonder that he did not elegantly and politely write Mr. and Mrs. Bishop and Miss and Miss—Libbie and Miss Ida—). Of course he writes the names in full. No scruple of delicacy hinders his revenge. He has stomach for it all, has Jenkins. He relates how the bridegroom enlisted in the war as a private, how the influence of his "present father-in-law" enabled him "to stalk through the list of non-commissioned positions," how, again, the influence of that potential and then post-poned relative enabled him to be breveted major and lieutenant-colonel, how still again, the same beneficent lover of his kind, kindly honoring before maturity the filial duties of his pending kinsman, enabled him to obtain a professorship in a certain college, and how, once more, this paternal horn of plenty, not to speak it profanely, shook down on him a consulate, all ripe, and asking to be swallowed. Jenkins, this minute, willfully leaves the impression, studies to leave it, that the "happy bridegroom" is a limp and inert ornament of high life who graciously consents to be boosted, if society will pardon the expression, into all manner of desirable crotches in the tree of time. We have no doubt, personally, that the young man is the most energetic and determined of his sex. But even from the stand-point of Jenkins, we submit that a man who has "stalked through a list," has achieved what no son of Adam ever did before him, and is entitled, by virtue of that pre-eminence, to make servants of servants of his brethren until tapped on the shoulder by that fell-sergent, Death, who alone could outstalk him.

We should have mentioned that this wedding in high life "aroused a state of sensational enthusiasm ordinarily permissible only under spiritual movements, or amid the emotional inspirations of camp-meetings and religious revivals." (We should greatly have preferred giving this information in English, as is our custom, but no one in our office was found capable of understanding the extraordinary dialect which it was written.) Moreover, "all creeds were represented. Baptists and Catholics, Presbyterians and Episcopalians, Universalists and Methodists, Jews, infidels, and idolaters, white and black, old and young, male and female, Americans, Europeans, Asiatics, and Africans, all alike flocked to witness, etc., etc." If Jenkins could be believed—which, as he sets down all in malice, we know he cannot—this state of things would be a curious revelation of the vacuity of mind of the modern Philadelphians, who, having nothing to do and less to think of, rush off to a church to assist at a wedding to which not one of them was invited, and pound and batter the doors to get in. Why, this is more appalling than the mobs in the Faubourg St. Antoine in the Revolution. For this is in our own doors, as it were, and these are the

weak, piping times of peace. It is a record of the civilization of a sister city only paralleled in the historic report of the authentic British traveler, being asked to describe the manners and customs of certain islanders, wrote, "Manners they have none, and their customs are disgusting." And where, O where, were the Unitarians and the Mohammedans, the Parsees and the followers of Buddha, the Swedborgians and Miller's Saints? Where was the gentle Polynesian, and that isolated savage tribe known as the Moyamensing Repeaters? Had they all torn off in a body, brandishing umbrellas, and crying "amok, amok," to a funeral at the other end of the town, to which equally they were not invited, and were they banging down the doors of the House of Mourning with equal energy? Royal Jenkins speak! Let us not burst in ignorance, but tell!

All the invited gentlemen, even the President, wore a remarkable article of dress, usually black, called "pants," whose use is not described; but as one guest is reported as entering "with his right hand thrust deep in his 'pants' pocket," we take it to be some useful if not necessary garment. The costumes of the ladies are given with conscientious fidelity, to the color of their shoe laces, and the number of their corsets. All but one. Once our peeping Tom failed us. His not in mortals to command success, but he did more, Sempronius, he deserved it. The distinguished "Society" had a dark suit the particulars of which our reporter was unable to gather. "Unable, mind! After the ceremony, which was really performed, notwithstanding that the attention of the ladies was distracted by the howling mob, and that of the gentlemen by that new toy, their 'pants'—and during which 'the bridegroom recited the formula without the prompting of the clergyman, distinctly enunciating' (which was certainly a remarkable triumph of memory and elocution, the 'formula' being fully two lines long, and Jenkins, though he hates him, insists on doing him that much-admiring justice), the bride train left the church, but Mr. and Mrs. Bishop went over to the pew in which sat Mr. and Mrs. President Grant, and—talked! Jenkins here audibly flops down on his knees in the presence of majesty, and relates, with bated breath, that the President and Mrs. Grant sat, but Senator— and General— stood! Whereupon we feel bound, in the interest of elegant literature, to think of a historic parallel for this august spectacle, but can't. Charles the First holding Van Dyke's pencils comes the nearest to it. But there is the difficulty of deciding which represents monarch, and which artist. Besides, it might have been Francis and Andrew de Sade, after all. So, duly abashed, we follow the wedding party home, but are grieved to find that those dreadful Philadelphia "people of all creeds, and people of none," must have broken into the supper-room before us; for though by what we must be allowed to consider a direct interposition of Providence, "the supplies held out till midnight," "unending assaults were kept up on the salads, ices, etc.," "renewed attacks, etc., etc." Nothing better could be expected of Jews and infidels, of course, but decent people could not surely be so rude, not so pay greedy. As for the presents, the display of silverware alone was as great as can be found in many stores claiming to be largely in the business, etc., etc." "The presents were all carried with the names of the givers," whereon follows an inventory of articles with "the names of the givers," and nothing omitted but a price list, which mistake is evidently a blunder of the printer.

We have been forced to omit unnumbered gems of thought and flowers of feeling, as our model would describe his own sentences. But what is here printed will serve as the text to our sermon. Are we reading of Yahoos or of the fine American of the year of grace '69? Can we call ourselves civilized while Jenkins goes unwhipped of justice, nay, paid of vanity? This wedding was meant to be a sweet and beautiful family festival. It has been made to seem an ostentatious and tasteless pageant. The American of high life thinks it a fine thing to read such an account as this in the papers. It smacks, to him, of fashionable intelligence, and the Court Journal. Thomas Jefferson be praised that we can never have the compliment of a Court Journal in this country, but this paste imitation of it is a real thing. A sense of the people, is, in a way, the property of the people, and cannot keep itself out of type. But an American citizen belongs wholly to himself. The public which pays two cents for its morning scandal, acquires thereby no valid title to know whether his wife cleans her gloves or asks the French Minister to dinner, nor whether his daughter has seven dozen solid spoons on her wedding-day, or not even a plated fork. With great accessions of wealth in the last years there has come a certain vulgar publicity of living which while it may make the unthinking admire cannot but make the judicious grieve. For the security and privacy and simplicity of home are the best possession of a people who have no barriers of caste to protect them from the encroachments of an underbred, untaught, insensitive multitude. And when Jenkins opens wide the door and invites that multitude to enter, it is not benefited by what it sees, and the sacred household gods veil their faces and turn away.

CUBA—A BROAD AMERICAN POLICY REQUIRED.

There seems to be some reserve with the administration, and consequently an unusual reticence with the Washington newspaper correspondents on the policy of the Government with regard to Cuba. This leaves room for a good deal of speculation. Consequently that portion of the press which evidently is under Spanish influence pretends to believe the President will ignore Cuba in his message to Congress next month. Of course such an opinion has not been formed from any information obtained from General Grant or from the State Department, and no doubt has been manufactured either by the American agents of the Spanish Government or by the newspapers themselves under Spanish influence. We cannot expect the President will reveal at present precisely what he intends to say or recommend to Congress about Cuba, and perhaps he has not yet made up his mind fully on the subject. In the month between the present time and the assembling of Congress events may occur to modify existing impressions. As he will act in accordance with public sentiment, probably he may deem it important to ascertain what the views of the representatives of the people are before he decides upon the course he will take in his message on the Cuban question. But we are not left in the dark entirely as to General Grant's views and sympathies relative to Cuba, and therefore can form a better opinion of what policy he may develop in his message, and that offered by the Bohemian press or Spanish agents. The views of the President were given at different times during

the last summer and fall; and, indeed, so were those of the Secretary of State. We know, then, that General Grant warmly and heartily favored Cuban independence, and that Mr. Fish expressed himself in a similar manner on this subject. We know that he cordially sympathized with the Cubans in their struggle for liberty, and looked forward to the time when the United States could recognize them. Even the excessively conservative Secretary of State admitted months ago that recognition and Cuban independence were only a question of time. The action of the Government, too, through our Minister at Madrid, in proposing to negotiate with Spain for the independence of Cuba, shows that as far back as last spring the administration was earnestly at work to bring about the freedom of Cuba. To suppose that the President would now, after the Cubans have heroically maintained the struggle, and that with better prospects of success, abandon the object he had in view in the Cuban cause, is unreasonable, and would imply a degree of imbecility and vacillation on the part of the administration which is not consistent with the character of General Grant and which the American people cannot believe. Throughout his history and public career General Grant has shown that he entertains broad national views on all questions pertaining to the progress and perpetuation of republican freedom on American soil and to the progress and grandeur of his own country. This was seen in his bold proposition to march an army across the Rio Grande and drive the foreign imperial intruders from our sister republic of Mexico. In fact, he has shown the same broadly national sentiment and fearlessness on every occasion when republican institutions on American soil and the progress and grandeur of our country was in question.

How, then, can we believe that the President will ignore Cuba in his message to Congress, or that he will abandon the cause of the Cubans, after all that he has said, and the effort he has made to secure their independence? To be silent about Cuba when the public mind is full of the subject, and in expectation of a definite policy being declared, would be acting like the foolish and timid ostrich, which hides its head under the sand without considering that its whole body is exposed to view. The Cuban question is so prominent and so popular a one to be ignored, and we do not think there is Spanish influence enough at Washington to blind the President to this fact. At all events, it is certain neither the people nor their representatives in Congress will ignore it. As to the sympathy of the American people with the Cubans there can be no doubt. It exists in every section and among all classes, except, perhaps, with Mr. Sumner, who, though doing nothing but his speech on the Alabama claims, and who would sacrifice the liberties of any people for the fancied glory connected with that, or with the exception, possibly, of a few Copperhead politicians and weak old fogies, who would fence in the United States to prevent any further expansion or progress. But the question of Cuba is not one of sympathy only, despotic and cruel as the Spanish government of the island is, and much as the American people may desire to see the Cubans free, but important American interests, principles and progress are involved. Cuba is the richest island in this hemisphere, and, perhaps, the most valuable in the world. It is a point of view for the acquisition of Cuba, for settling a question which has long occupied the public mind, for extending and strengthening republican institutions on this side of the Atlantic, for fulfilling our national destiny in the absorption of contiguous American territory, for practically carrying out the Monroe doctrine, and for increasing the grandeur, power and commerce of the republic. With such objects in view and such motives for action there is not a great nation in the world that would not have made the independence of Cuba a fact long before this. England, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and even Spain herself would have studied only their own interests, progress and aggrandizement in such a case. We need not cite examples in history—in what is occurring constantly with the great nations of the world—to show the policy all pursue. Every one is familiar with the facts. Will our Government and statesmen comprehend the broad American policy that is required of them, the destiny of the republic, and the aspirations of the people? That is the question. Cuba is pre-eminently a case involving these great national considerations, and we must soon know whether the Government can comprehend its opportunity and duty or not.

THE NATIONAL CENSUS OF 1870.

There is so much of sensational oratory and "disjointed thinking" among the members of Congress during the session, that a scientific audience is always somewhat surprised to find a prominent member of that body showing any very strong appreciation of science or a disposition to respect its laws. These were certainly the sentiments of the very intelligent body who listened to General Garfield's paper, read to the Social Science Association, upon the "National Census of 1870." They had expected to find a few solid facts would be served, garnished by a very frothy syllabus of "bumbo" and patriotic oratory. Instead, they listened with surprise and pleasure to a clear, philosophical, and practical statement of what the census should be, what its present defects were, and of its vast importance in a scientific and national point of view. General Garfield is evidently familiar with the improvements in statistical science and in sympathy with the philosophical spirit of the age.

The peculiar importance of the census to this country arises, as the speaker justly stated, from the fact that we have here no statistical bureau, and depend for almost all our accurate information as to the resources and growth of the country upon the decennial census. The special reasons now for desiring to obtain a trustworthy account and estimate of the products and population of the country, in that we have just finished a most destructive war and are burdened with a heavy debt. It is important for financial reasons that we should know just how much we have destroyed of our wealth, and how far population has diminished. In a scientific view it is most desirable to know how fast the creation of new wealth goes on after a great war, and what are the permanent losses and wounds from such terrible struggles. The great question of the effects of emancipation on a servile population, and on production, will be in part answered by the dry tables of the coming census. Whether the negro dies out in freedom,

whether he produces as much, and whether the black population shifts towards the South—all these important problems may be partly solved by the next enumeration of population. We shall learn, too, how fast and far the Southern whites are abandoning their States for other regions under the Union, and whether they themselves are creating more or less wealth since they ceased to depend on forced labor. After the results of science appear, the usual outcries of prejudice and ignorance on these important matters will cease, and we shall have facts to rest upon.

As this vast procession of population moves across the waters to this New World, we shall learn from the tables next year where it is distributing itself, and what lands and climates under our flag it prefers. Great physical problems, too, will be in process of solution. It is still a question with the students of race whether the Anglo-American is fairly acclimated, and whether his natural increase is not diminishing in proportion to that of continental nationalities, so that the leading race here may be dying out. This vital query will receive many responses from the figures of next year. It will be known, too, how many disabled men we have as the fruit of our civil war, and what the exact condition is of the national strength.

The elements of population, too, within the Union will be ascertained, and the growth or decay of separate communities and States be distinctly portrayed. We shall learn again the precise ratio of our growth and our production; what increase we are making in manufacture, how many new acres are being planted, what additional animals we possess, and what the exact decay of our commerce is. The ratio of births to deaths, of deaths to occupations and ages, and a thousand facts of the highest importance in vital statistics, will again be carefully presented. Insurers have asserted that the average of human life is longer here, among our native born, than in the Old World. The census will begin to furnish data for ascertaining the value of these vast results so important to finance, to science, and to our national well-being, a most careful and scientific plan for the census is needed. General Garfield's suggestion that the United States Marshals be not employed in taking the census seems wise, for obvious reasons. His recommendations that the returns of families be on separate slips, and held confidential, that they be never taken advantage of for taxation or any judicial purpose, and that more and better paid agents should be engaged in this work, seem also reasonable and proper. The census ought also to be taken within one month, so that it may be as accurate as possible—as a single day census must be impossible in our vast country—and it should be collected and published at least within a year, and not drag on for five or six years, as has often been the case. The distribution of schedules beforehand is a very practical suggestion, and will insure much more trustworthy returns. General Garfield's suggested improvements in headings of the schedules, we trust, will be adopted, as well as a more compact and popular form of publication for many of the statistics than we have hitherto enjoyed.

THE NEW ERA IN NATIONAL POLITICS.

The autumnal elections are over. The two which are yet to take place in Mississippi and Texas, under the reconstruction acts, are so exceptional in their character that we need not wait for them before summing up the general results and deducing the lessons taught by a series of contests which have been waged without intermission for the last two months. We presume that neither political party has realized its expectations; certainly neither has won the decisive triumph which it predicted. While the Republicans have lost no State which they could reasonably hope to carry, the reduction of their majorities, when compared with those of 1868, has been serious and significant. On the other hand, the Democrats have by no means made such advances into the territories of their opponents as their leaders promised the rank and file at the opening of the campaign.

It is not, then, the superficial results of these elections which ought to be the chief concern. By practically closing protracted controversies, they open to every sagacious eye a new era in national politics. Until now, a shade of doubt hung over the ratification of the fifteenth amendment of the Constitution. These elections, with those which are soon to occur in Mississippi and Texas, place that matter beyond a contingency.

It is at this precise point that the transcendent importance of these contests appears to both political parties. The consummation of the amendment will be the culminating point in a series of measures which General Grant was elected to carry through. Half a million of voters, scattered all over the Union, gave him their suffrages mainly to secure this end, and with this as their object in view. That valuable and remunerative item in the capital stock of the Republican party is exhausted. Any attempt by that party to hereafter ring the changes upon the class of subjects to which the amendment properly belonged, will be treated by the people as sounding brass. Through the blind perversity of Democratic leaders, the Republican chiefs have been able to win a succession of victories on this field, some of which they would otherwise have lost. A few Democrats of that school of politicians who learn nothing and forget nothing may try to keep us in this bootless contest, and even endeavor to carry it into the next Presidential campaign; but the masses of the party will not be slow to inform them that they have sacrificed quite too much already in fighting about negroes, and that the appropriate place both for reactionary leaders and blind guides is not at the head of the column, but far away in the rear.

So soon as the Democratic party gets rid of its old fogies, and in the language of Mr. Brooks, of the Express, "ceases to race with dead horses," or, in the words of Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, "cuts loose from all dead issues and obsolete questions," then the danger of the Republican party will commence. That party is now in power, and can afford to abdicate the responsibilities of its position. By crowding the threshold of the new era. It must take the initiative for the future, or try the hazardous experiment of combatting the Democracy on such ground as the latter may select. The very successes which the autumnal elections enable the administration to consummate should warn General Grant that the time is at hand when he must present to the country those new issues, upon the strength of which his party can alone hope to secure the next House of Representatives, and achieve a victory in the approaching struggle for the Presidency.

BEDSTEADS AND BALLOTS.

If things go on in this fashion much longer, the poor negroes of the South will soon have no friends outside of the Democratic party. The old abolitionists and the Republicans

have taken to abusing the national freedman and the ward of the nation in a shocking manner, and there is some reason to believe in the truth of the rumor that Mr. Sumner is preparing a speech, to be delivered at an early day of the approaching session of Congress, based upon that declaration of the higher law—"Cursed be Canaan"—and proving, by the most improved Sumneresque logic, that the interests of humanity and progress, with initial letters, demand the exclusion of every negro who cannot construe a page of Virgil, or who has not committed to memory all the speeches of Sumner, from the suffrage. Mr. Parker Pillsbury led off in this new crusade against the negro, and now comes "N. C. M.," a correspondent of the same school, declaring that these unhappy children of Africa are poor devils, sunk in such abject misery and degradation that it is absurd to expect them to exercise the rights of citizenship with the most infinitesimal degree of intelligence or independence. It is to be remarked that a curious change has come over the Republican mind in regard to the prospects of the negroes. For the last three or four years they have been telling us that the ballot was the one thing needful for the freedman; give him but the ballot, and all other things would be added unto him; it would be food, clothing, education, enlightenment, and protection for him; and, having it, he would lack nothing else. Now they are telling us that the ballot is useless, and worse than useless, to him; and that it will be a curse until he first acquires intelligence, independence, and virtue. Formerly, our Republican friends took a poetical and romantic view of the question; now they have gone to the other extreme, and are grovellingly utilitarian. "I have no faith in any educational or missionary enterprises when bedsteads are scarce," exclaims "N. C. M." "It is in vain to sing about the softness of a dying bed in connection with a sublime faith, when the only bed is a long box, or a pole bedstead, with a bark rope, and rags for bedclothes. The freedman are only children, and need to be taught everything; the correspondent continues. The negroes, we used to be told, would soon all become landowners, and thus acquire independence; but "N. C. M." dispels this pleasing dream. "The whites own the land, and will not sell to the negroes—not because they are negroes, but because they have no money. I do not see how they are ever to get money, nor can it be shown that, with their limited knowledge, the land would be worth what they should pay for it." "N. C. M." goes on to confess, "since the time has come when some good can be done by stating the fact," that all the stories that have been told at Freedmen's Bureau meetings and elsewhere about the anxiety and ability of the negroes to acquire education were not true, and that not a point on it, pious frauds. "When they enter on studies that require reason they are dull," and, although they can be made to learn to read, they there pause content, the novelty of the thing being exhausted. In short, as the correspondent sums it up, "it must be seen that the negro cannot compete with the white man; he must remain a servant, a serf, and a slave in all but the name. The possession of the suffrage will only still further degrade him, as it will cause him to be dragged with bad liquor in order to make him vote the right ticket; and the most happy thing that can be hoped for him is a speedy extinction. All this is forecast and prophesied long ago, but the party of moral lies is deaf to the warning. They are now confessing their folly; but it is too late to repair the mischief they have wrought."

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